AN

ELEGY

In Commemoration of the Honourable

Lieutenant-General TALMASH,

Who Departed this Life at *PLYMOUTH* on the 12*th*. of *June*, 1694. of a Mortal Wound received in his Thigh, in the Glorious Enterprize in Landing the *Engliſh* Forces at *Camerett*-Bay in *France*, &c.

Licenſed, June 15. 1694.

SInce thoſe that ſhould attend this Noble Hearſe,
And ſigh out Numbers fit for mournful Verſe,
Have not reſorted to the Muſes Spring,
From ſad *Melpomonie* thoſe Wreaths to bring,
Of *Cyprus* that ſhould Crown in ſolemn State,
Death's haſty Conqueſt in untimely Fate;
In humble Strains inſpir'd by Grief I come,
To offer an Oblation at his Tomb,
Whoſe *Loſs* Commands, our *Tears* compels our Eyes
To brim themſelves with Briny Elegies.
Pardon me then, you of the loftie ſtrain,
That humble I preſume, whilſt you reſtrain
To pay a Tribute due, and ſay, that Death
Sow'd Seeds of *Sorrow* when he reap'd this Breath,
From whence a Crop of growing Grief does riſe,
That moſt to Melancholly add ſupplies:
When Death his Shafts does level at the Great,
He minds us moſt of an Immortal ſtate;
And gives large Proſpect, that all things below
Are fading, and can no true Joys beſtow;
That *Honour*, *Riches*, *Strength*, and *Power* muſt have
Declinings, till they drop into a Grave;
Imperial Death's impartial Hand does ſtrike,
The Rich and Poor, and levels all alike.
His Kingdoms in the Duſt, his Subjects there,
Know no diſtinction, but have equal ſhare:
Yet Virtuous *Deeds* too ſwift for *Death* do fly,
They 'ſcape his ſhafts, and only cannot die;
They live till Time is loſt and is no more,
And then they have Eternity in ſtore.
So Noble *Talmaſh* by his *Deeds* ſhall live,
Fame brooks no Silence, but due Praiſe do's give;
His Courage *England* will have e'er in Mind,
And France, proud France his Death moſt dear ſhall find
Shall rue the day that he his Breath reſign'd.
His Bounty flow'd, and tenderly he ey'd
His Souldiers, and their frequent Wants ſupply'd;
And if in any thing, in that took Pride,
When he Battalions, or the Squadrons lead;
Joy brightn'd in each Face, and baniſh'd Dread,
None ſhrunk where e're he did the Legion Head;
His humble Carriage and his Curteous Meen,
Gain'd him where e're he came, a high Eſteem.

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Wiſdom an Ample Seat in him did find,
To which was an undaunted Valour joyn'd,
Tho' Modeſt, and to ſerious Thoughts inclin'd.
Refin'd by Learning, pleaſing was his Strain,
By which his Soldiers did *Advantage* gain;
Rarely the ſtorm of Paſſion toſs'd his Mind,
Tho' for the *Camp* his Days were moſt deſign'd.
A Propping-Pillar of the *State* he ſtood;
And if he glory'd, 'twas in doing Good.
From a long *Race* of Heroes he deſcends,
Which to our Nation's ſafety were true Friends,
And hazarded the utmoſt in its Cauſe,
Deſending its Religion, and its Laws.
In worſt of Times, brave *Talmaſh*'s Name was Great,
Help't ſtem the Torrent of an adverſe Fate;
In all he Loyalty and Vertue ſhow'd,
And paid what Noble Souls to Honour ow'd.
Fame in an everlaſting ſcrowle has writ
His Deathleſs Deeds, and Heaven has thought fit
They ſhall be obvious to each curious Eye,
Till Riveted to round Eternity.
The Loſs is great, and does Mankind ſurprize,
But Earth muſt yield unto the *Rival* Skies,
Celeſtial Realms of Light the Bleſt above,
Now Triumph to infold him in their Love.
Then tho' ſome Tears muſt fall, lets not complain,
Since by our Loſs he reaps ſo great a Gain.
But let us ſtudy to Live well, that we
From Cumbers of this Life by Death ſet free,
May mount like him, and ever happy be.

THE EPITAPH.

THis Marble but contains the Noble Duſt
Of Talmaſh *till the Reſurrections Morn,*
His better part remains among the Juſt,
Who, Heaven's bright Throne, with dazling Light adorn.
His Race thus run, the Prize he won at laſt,
Though we have loſt by loſing him, yet he,
The Storms *and* Tempeſts *being over-paſt,*
Has gain'd ſafe Harbour in Eternity.

Edinburgh, Re-printed in the Year, 1694.